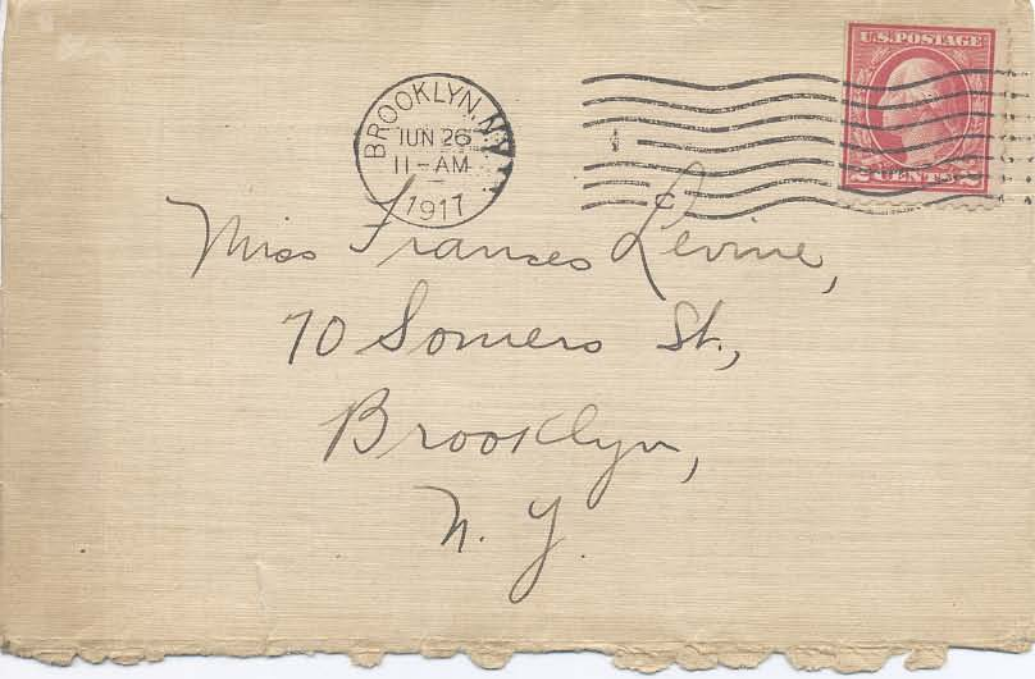

June 25th, 1917.

My darling Frances:-

It 7 45 P. M.

and the only chance I had to write to-day because, though we didn't go to the park, we had inspection and besides that, I got my 3rd innoculation. Lord, but it sure does pain. My arm is entirely swollen and I believe that probably its because its my last shot, that's why it pains ~~so~~ so much more than the other times as I believe I've got more of that stuff in to-day than any other times. I hope it won't pain me so much to-morrow as I am coming out to see my little sweetheart.

The rest of the

fellows in camp are carrying on to beat the band. Leap frog & all those kiddish games. I tell you, honey, they sure are some dopes. They think I'm a fool because I don't join them in their idiocies but I simply can't be with them as I don't want to have too much to do with them. I sure do wish this dog-gone war is over so I can get out of here.

My eyes have been bothering me a good deal to-day, but couldn't wear my glasses when waiting for inspection, but as soon as I could, I put them on. Well, Toots, how are you feeling? Are you still tired? I hope not. Are you still kept

very busy down the dispensary? Please don't work so hard, you hear?

I'll have to close now, precious mine, with a big hug & kisses to my darling sweetheart,

Lovingly

Joe.